

Butterfly's Adventures

NAME CLAIM

ME

ME

Baby when I tell you it was hot, it was hot. The place is Albany, Georgia. Hot and humid, air so thick you could slice it with the back side of butter knife. Flatlands and swamps, Nothing to deflect heat, but plenty to hold it.

My name is TONI, but every body calls me Butterfly. You can interpret that anyway you want, but you know there's a story behind every nickname - especially here in the South.

NAME _____
CLAIM _____
ME _____

This story starts with a man -
my Aunt Ida said they, men, were
my birthmark. You know like some
folks say that certain foods, and abilities
were their birthmarks. Because they liked
the foods so much or had a natural
ability to do certain things like professions.
~~My Aunt Ida~~

Ida's name was John Earl. He was
the tallest, blackest, most handsome sweet
smelling man I had seen in all my
years here in these parts. John Earl
was fresh out of college having just
learned his masters in African American
History from Oberlin College in OHIO. He
was living in Macon, Georgia where he

was Teaching while waiting to go to Harvard
in the ~~Summer~~ Fall for his doctorate.
It seems he was in town to visit Mr.
Douglas (one of the town many Closet Queens),
who had been one of his High School
teachers in Baker County (Cohoun Ga)
some ten years ago. I know these
things, because, it pays to know - besides
I'm not gonna be stuck in this damn
Town all my life, looking @ the same old
Victor Queen day in / day out. I'm
gonna be somethin special, and if
my ticket out of town just so happen
to be gorgeous - don't hate me because
I'm resourceful. After all my Aunt
Lida says "Men are my trade mark."

I marched back and forth from the
bar to the dancefloor for what seemed
like hours, but turned out to be about
10 minutes or 3 songs. I was constantly
making eye contact with John Earl, he was
polite, but there was something about the way he
looked @ me, didn't say a word just nodded
in acknowledgement. Whitney new release
"I wanna dance with somebody who loves me"
was blurring from the DJ booth, and I was
doing my best "You're girl in need of company"

routine." When suddenly it occurred to me,
the club closes in 30 minutes, don't waste
time,
making sure
he could see
me from across
the room
he was
sitting there,

I marked tracks and forest from the
top to the base of the forest for what seemed
like hours, but turned out to be only
10 minutes or so. I was constantly
making eye contact with John and
John, but then was constantly about the people
I shot (a moose, a deer and a woodchuck) and
in the background. Although the moose
"I know how much more than I know."
I was following from the D. track and I was
going very fast "I'm in a race of speed."
I was "I was in a race of speed." I was
in the D. track and I was
going very fast "I'm in a race of speed."

Without further ado - I marched up to where John Earl was sitting at the bar. My smile was broad enough to say I was friendly, but just tight enough for me to fake sadness. I got within 5 ft of him and started averting my eyes as if it had been my intention to go back to the bar. It was then that he spoke - "Boy if you don't come here and talk to me", his long frame leaning forward on the stool, ^{one} legs extended in front of him one propped up on the frame of the stool, one hand holding a cigarette the other extended towards me. Flashing a smile of what seemed to be perfectly even ^{and} the whitest teeth, he released

Smoke from those large sinuous lips.
Our hands met and electricity shot
through our bodies like steam after a rain,
On a dog day in August. Was this my
way out of this ~~to~~ dustbowl or some
demon come to claim my soul. While
gazing into his eyes, while still holding his
hand - I decided it didn't matter - even hell
had to be more exciting than Albany. I
dropped his hand and started talking,
"Welcome to the 'Good life City' Mrs John Earl,
'In Toni', I was too nervous to shake his hand
again. ~~He smiled even brighter, before~~
~~Releasing more smoke after taking a long~~
~~drag on his cigarette~~ First he ^{STARED} ~~stared~~
at me intently, ^{then} slowly he turned his

head to the side an released more smoke
from those gorgeous lips, ^{and he} ~~but~~ never took
his eye off me. This made me wanna run,
but as I stood motionless and almost in
a trance he spoke "You've been doing you homework"
commenting on my knowing his name before
he had a chance to tell me. Thinking
quickly I shot back "I've never known
ignorance to make anyone prosperous"

